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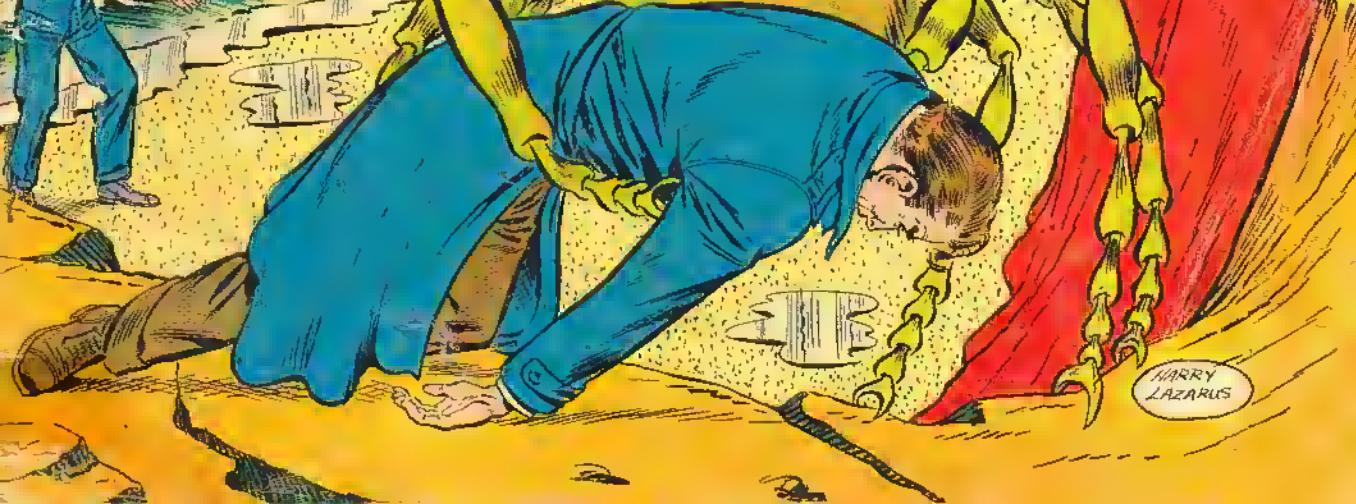
V 30 JUNE

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

It
STARTED WITH
BRUTAL MURDER...
UNTIL NATURE DECREED
A WEIRD REVENGE! SEE
FOR YOURSELF THE HORROR
OF WHAT HAPPENED
IN
THE THING
ON THE
BEACH!

IT--IT'S A
BEAST--A MONSTER
LIKE NOTHING UNDER
CREATION!



HARRY
LAZARUS

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HOW MANY TRICKS CAN YOU TEACH A SMART BIRD LIKE A PARROT? YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRAIN HIM TO UNLOCK DOORS AND FIRE A LITTLE GUN---BUT IF YOU DO ---BE CAREFUL! BECAUSE THEN THE PARROT WILL KNOW HOW TO LOCK DOORS---THEN THE LITTLE GUN MAY BE FIRED AT YOU---AND YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE ROTTING IN DARKNESS--AMID THE SQUAWK OF...

The TALKING MACHINE!



NEW YORK...1926...

GOOD GRIEF---
A PARROT!

HI, BABY!

ARRRRRRRK!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, ROD---
COMING HOME WITH THAT
SQUAWK-BOX? I THOUGHT
YOU WERE OUT PLANNING
A NEW HOLDUP!

YEAH---I WAS!
AND PART OF
THE PLAN IS
RIGHT THERE IN
FRONT OF
YOU!



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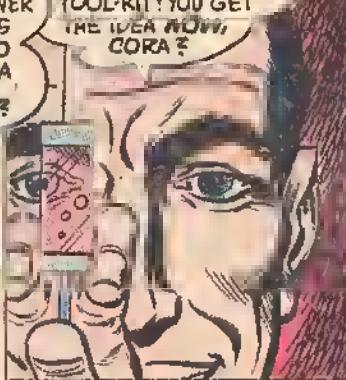
REMEMBER THAT LABORATORY JOB WE PULLED---LOOKING FOR NARCOTICS? AND HOW ALL WE GOT WAS A NEW KIND OF DRUG ---SOMETHING WE HAD NO USE FOR?

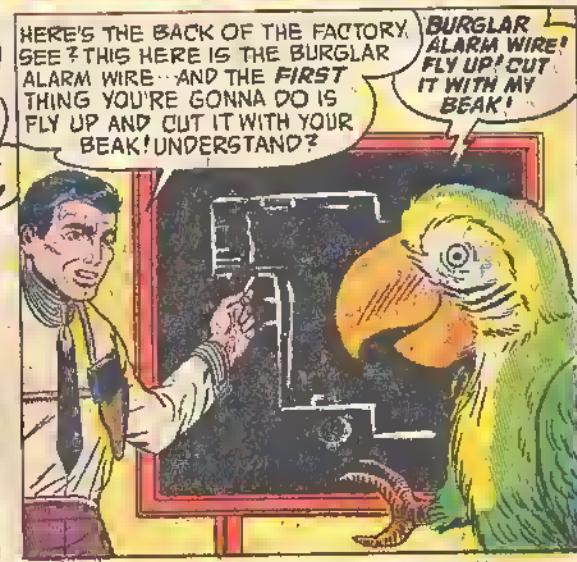
THE STUFF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO INCREASE THE BRAIN POWER OF ANIMALS? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ROBBING A FACTORY PAY-ROLL?

PLENTY! GIVE THAT PARROT A SHOT OF THIS---AND IT'LL TALK LIKE A HUMAN! IT'S GOT FEET THAT OPERATE ALMOST LIKE HUMAN HANDS---AND A HEAVY BEAK THAT CAN OPEN LOCKS LIKE A FLYING TOOL-KIT! YOU GET THE IDEA NOW, CORA?

I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK, ROD!

A DOPE LIKE YOU ISN'T SUPPOSED TO THINK! ONE QUICK JAB ---AND WE'LL GET RESULTS!





**ARRRRK! PRESS
TRIGGER! BIG NOISE!
THINGS SMASH!**

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**

HA-HA... YOU'RE
CATCHING ON! JUST
REMEMBER TO SMASH
THINGS TOMORROW
NIGHT AT THE FACTORY
-- WHEN YOU FACE
THAT PAYROLL
CLERK!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, ROD AND CORA HOBSON WATCH
ED TRIUMPHANTLY... WHILE THEIR TALKING MACHINE
WENT METHODICALLY TO WORK!

I LAID OFF THIS
JOB FOR OVER
A YEAR... IT
WAS TOO
RISKY! BUT WITH
THAT PARROT
HELPING
OUT... IT'S
A LEAD
PIPE CINCH!

SNAP!
**HE DIDN'T FOR-
GET, ROD! THERE
GOES THE BURGLAR
ALARM WIRE!**

A MOMENT LATER...

I'D BETTER CLOSE THAT
TRANSGOM... THE WIND
SEEMS TO BE RATTLING
IT!

RAK RAK
RAKKELE

ARRRRK!

IT'S A PARROT
POINTING A
GUN AT ME! NO
-- NO!

PRESS
TRIGGER!
THINGS
SMASH!

BANG!

ARRAGH!

OKAY -- YOU'RE DOING
SWELL! NOW... WHAT DID
I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT
LOCK?

SMART BIRD!
TURN KEY!
OPEN DOOR!

THEY KICKED ASIDE THE BODY AND SWEEPED UP THE MONEY---AND THE PARROT WATCHED WITH THAT GLASSY, UNBLINKING EYE!

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
...AND WE DIDN'T EVEN
RISK A RUMBLE
WITH THE
POLICE!

THIS IS JUST THE
BEGINNING, CORA!
WHEN THIS FIRST
INJECTION WEARS
OFF---WE'LL
GIVE THE
TALKING
MACHINE
ANOTHER!



SUDDENLY---WITH A SHRIEK
THAT ECHOED FOR BLOCKS---

PO-LICE!
PO-LICE!
PO-LICE!

SHUT UP, YOU
SQUAWKING
IDIOT! REACH
INTO MY COAT,
CORA --- GET
OUT THE
GUN!

WAIT---A SHOT
IS SURE TO
BRING THE
COPS! TALK
TO HIM---TRY
TO REASON
WITH HIM!

SMART BIRD MUSTN'T YELL LIKE
THAT! WANT TO PLAY WITH GUN?
WANT CRACKER?

SMART BIRD
WANT INJECT-
ION!

WHAAT? NIX ON
THAT IDEA, BUD ---
YOU'RE TOO BRAINY
RIGHT NOW!

PO-LICE!
PO-LICE!
SIXTY THOUS-
AND DOLLARS

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ROD
---WE'RE UP AGAINST A
MURDER RAP! GIVE HIM
WHAT HE WANTS!

OKAY---HE'LL GET THE
SHOT! BUT LATER ON
TONIGHT---I'M FIXING
HIM FOR GOOD!



AGAIN... ROD HOBSON WIELDED THE NEEDLE! BUT THIS TIME THE PARROT WAITED EXPECTANTLY... AND ITS GLASSY EYE HELD SOMETHING THAT CAN BE DANGEROUS IN A TALKING MACHINE---WISDOM!

THERE'S YOUR SHOT! BUT NO MORE JOBS FOR YOU-- YOU'RE NOT RELIABLE!

RELIABLE BIRD! SMART BIRD!

THERE WAS SILENCE FOR A MOMENT... AND THEN THE PARROT RUFFLED HIS FEATHERS... AND BEGAN TO SPEAK!

ROD! CORA! TAKE ME TO BANK TOMORROW! SMART BIRD WILL LEARN COMBINATION! OPEN VAULT AND GET MONEY! NO POLICE! NO GUN! NO SMASH!

THAT SECOND INJECTION MADE HIM SMARTER THAN EVER... HE'S ABLE TO PLAN A JOB BY HIMSELF!

KEEP QUIET, YOU FOOL!

YEAH... THAT'S A GOOD ANGLE, TALKING MACHINE! WE'LL WORK IT OUT TOMORROW!

YOU CAN'T BE DUMB ENOUGH TO BACK OUT! THAT BIRD'S IDEAS CAN MAKE US MILLIONS

...ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?

SURE... WITH MY IDEAS AND MY PLANS! THAT PARROT'S STARTING TO TAKE OVER... AND IT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK!

TWO HOURS LATER... ROD HOBSON TIPTOED TOWARD THE HUNKED AND SHADOWER FIGURE!

IF HE REALLY HAD BRAINS... HE'D KNOW ENOUGH NOT TO FALL ASLEEP! A COUPLE OF SWINGS WITH THIS CLEAVER... AND WE'LL BE RID OF HIM!

WHEN THE HEAVY BLADE CHOPPED THROUGH SOMETHING SOLID... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN!

A HA! GUESS YOU WEREN'T QUITE SMART ENOUGH, TALKING MACHINE!

BLAM!

WAM!

SUDDENLY... THE ROOM WAS ABLAZE WITH LIGHT!

ARRRK!
BAD ROD!
BAD ROD!

THE PARROT! MY GOSH, IT OUT-FOXED ME... WITH A DUMMY MADE FROM AN OLD MOP!



THEN THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS SHUT... AND SLOWLY... THE KEY GRATES IN THE LOCK!

HOW THAT FEATHERED DEMON KNOW WE DESIGNED THIS ROOM AS A STRONGHOLD... IN CASE THE COPS EVER CORNERED US? THE WALLS ARE TWO FEET THICK... THE DOOR'S ARMOR PLATE... WE'LL NEVER GET OUT!

KEEP YOUR HEAD... WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FOOD FOR EIGHT DAYS! PLAY IT SMART... GIVE THE PARROT PLENTY OF COAXING AND WHEEDLING... HE'S BOUND TO UNLOCK THE DOOR!

BUT THE EIGHTH DAY PASSED... WITHOUT A GLIMPSE OF THE PARROT! HE WAS TOO BUSY ANSWERING PHONE CALLS FROM OTHER THUGS--PRETENDING TO BE A POLICEMAN--PRETENDING THE HOUSE HAD BEEN RAIDED! FINALLY... ON THE TENTH DAY OF HORROR... HE FLAPPED TO THE BARS!

YOU FIXED IT, TALKING MACHINE... YOU FIXED IT SO NONE OF THE GANG WILL EVER COME AROUND LOOKING FOR US! IF YOU WON'T LET US OUT, FOR PETE'S SAKE KEEP US ALIVE... GET US FOOD!

SMART BIRD!
SMART BIRD
GET FOOD!

AND YET... SOME WEEKS THE PARROT WOULD FORGET... SOME MONTHS THE CAPTIVES GOT BARELY MORE THAN A FEW LOAVES OF BREAD!

CORA!
ROD! GET
FOOD!
LET GO
FOOD!

NO
...NO!

AS TIME CRESTED, THEY REPEATED THEIR WHINING ENTREATIES LIKE A PAIR OF CRAZY TALKING MACHINES... BUT NOW THE EFFECT OF THE DRUG HAD WORN OFF... AND TO THE PARROT THEY WERE JUST SOMETHING STRANGE HE COULD WATCH AND LISTEN TO...

SMART BIRD!
OPEN DOOR!
GET BREAD!
BREAD FOR
CORA!

WATCH AND LISTEN AND SOMETIMES FEED THEM OUT OF SHEER INSTINCT THROUGH THE YEARS... AND A PARROT LIVES A LONG TIME!

ARRRRRRK!

S C U M P!
THE END!

The NINTH VICTIM!

HENRY KREEL was alone in his dark and dirty chemical factory. His workers had gone home only a short while before, after working far into the night at his urgent order.

Now he could smile. He hadn't sold patent medicines all his life without learning a thing or two about business. Once, long ago, you could make a pretty penny selling worthless cough syrups and pills and bromides, but in recent years it'd been necessary to meet the competition of the high-falutin'-sounding wonder drugs. That's why he'd bought the chemical factory. He'd mixed a little of this and a little of that and called his concoction trabulin. He'd advertised it as the newest "wonder drug" in cheap magazines all over the country and he'd been cleaning up.

That's why it was such a shock when the government discovered that trabulin was deadly to people with certain allergies. Eight had already perished, the drug bureau said, when they ordered him to cease selling trabulin immediately.

It could have been a financial disaster, for it left him with a huge and worthless inventory. But Kreel acted swiftly. He added a harmless ingredient to trabulin, changed the name to coreophyll, and advertised that as the newest wonder drug...at bargain prices, while the supply lasted. Orders poured in. Barely a vatful of the dangerous compound remained.

Eight deaths due to trabulin, the government said. Too bad, he thought, but after all, it wasn't as if he'd murdered those people. He'd thought the drug harmless enough. As for selling it under another name, well...he couldn't let himself be ruined, could he? Business was business.

It was as this thought flashed through his mind that he heard the front door of the factory open for a few

moments and then close. Then there was a sound of plodding feet, strange and ominous. "That's peculiar," he thought. "Could the workers be returning for something...?"

He was standing near the vat of trabulin-coreophyll when he saw them... a sight which made his blood run cold. They looked like zombies, stiff-limbed and sightless, and they were plodding towards him!

Half-crazy with fear he tried to scream, but couldn't. Numb with terror he could only shrink against the rim of the vat as the ghastly figures formed a semi-circle around him. There were eight of them, men and women, and now he knew that they were dead.

"Who are you?" he gasped finally. "What do you want?"

"Don't you know?" one of them croaked. "We are the eight!"

"Eight? What eight...?" The words died in his throat. The eight! No, it couldn't be!

Suddenly, their cold and clammy hands seized him, bearing him irresistibly upwards, and then...

"No!" he shrieked. "Don't! Not that!"

They had lifted him above the vat of trabulin, and as he screamed he was plunged into the cold liquid. But a man couldn't drown in the vat, he realized instantly. It was too shallow. Then, all at once, the awful hands began beating on his head and shoulders, forcing him down, down into the deadly fluid. "Please, please...don't!"

And then the liquid choked off his breath and voice, and as a spinning blackness closed about him he realized that he would be trabulin's ninth victim...

In the morning his lifeless corpse was found half-floating in the dense fluid. It was impossible for anyone to understand how a grown man could have drowned...

PAUL HARMON WAS A RUTHLESS KILLER--RATED PUBLIC ENEMY #1 BY THE F.B.I.! HE HAD BROKEN OUT OF JAIL, AND WHILE A NATIONAL ALARM WAS OUT FOR HIM-- HE FLED TO--

The STREET THAT WAS

YOUR TIME HAS COME, PAUL--TO PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!

FOR ALL THE LIVES YOU TOOK!

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!
DON'T--TOUCH ME!

HUNGRY AND DESPERATE, ONE THOUGHT POSSESSED THE FUGITIVE'S MIND--

I GOTTA HAVE A GUN--
AND THAT'S JUST THE PLACE
TO GET IT!

IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE PAUL HAD PULLED A MERE STICKUP--BUT HIS TOUCH HADN'T FAILED!

LOOKING FOR A WATCH, EH?
I'VE GOT SOME FINE ONES--
OHH!

WHAM!

PLEASE, THAT'S MY WHOLE WEEK'S RECEIPTS!
I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KIDS!

AIN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!



WHY YOU'RE PAUL HARMON--
THE ESCAPED KILLER! YOU
MURDERER, YOUR PAST'LL CATCH
UP WITH YOU!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET ON YOU KNEW
WHO I WAS.
BUD--

NO--
DON'T!
AAAGH!

CAN'T LET
YOU TIP OFF
THE COPS
WHERE I'M
AT, PAL!

BUT THE SHOTS BROUGHT A
NEARBY PATROLMAN--

STOP
OR
I'LL--
OH-HH!

CRIPES! THIS
SHOT'LL HAVE
THE PLACE SWARMIN'
SOON-- I
GOTTA BEAT
IT!

HOLY SMOKE! SQUAD CARS
AND BULLS ALL OVER THE
JOINT! IF I ONLY HAD A
HIDEOUT! WAIT-- MY OLD
NEIGHBORHOOD'S NOT
FAR FROM HERE! I
KNOW EVERY CROOKED
STREET AND ALLEY OF
THIS CITY'S UMS--

THEY'LL NEVER
FIND ME
THERE!

THWEE
GET!

HE HAON'T BEEN THERE IN 15 YEARS, BUT HIS MEMORY
WAS EXACT!

BORN ON! FUNNY, I-I RECOGNIZE
EVERY HOUSE.. BUT IT SEEMS
AS IF THEY DON'T ALL BELONG
HERE, AND HOW COME THERE'S
NOBODY AROUND? IN THE
OLD DAYS THERE'D ALWAYS
BE SOMEBODY
WHOOPIN' IT UP!

AS HE THREADED HIS WAY ALONG THE
SHADOWED WALLS--

SOMETHING'S AWFULLY SCREWY!
IT'S AS IF EVERY HOUSE I
EVER LIVED IN OR
REMEMBER IN ANY
SPECIAL WAY IS
ASSEMBLED
HERE!

PAUL!
PAUL!

COME UPSTAIRS,
PAUL DEAR-- IT'S
GETTING LATE!

WHAT IN THE--
IT--IT'S MOM!
BUT THAT CAN'T
BE.. MOM'S
BEEN DEAD
TWENTY
YEARS!



DESPERATELY, HE DASHED THROUGH THE DOOR.. SLAMMING IT BEHIND HIM! THEN--

HUH? WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
I-I'M BACK TO NORMAL!
MAYBE IT WAS WHAT
THE DOCS CALL A--A
HALLUCCINATION!
BUT IT ALL SEEMED
SO REAL-- EXACTLY
WHAT ONCE
HAPPENED!

WITH MOUNTING TERROR
POSSESSING HIM, PAUL
RAN--

MAYBE I

SHOULD'VE GONE
TO THE ORPHANAGE!
IF I HAD, MAYBE I
WOULDN'T BE RUNNIN'
FROM THE LAW! I'D
BE A RESPECTABLE
CITIZEN-- AND I'D
NEVER HAVE HAD
THAT SPLIT-UP
WITH MARY!

SUDDENLY--

PAUL! WHERE
ARE YOU
RUNNING? HAVE
YOU FORGOTTEN--
WE'VE GOT A
DATE TONIGHT!

I-I MUST BE
GOING NUTS!
IT'S MARY--
LIKE THE
NIGHT SHE
WALKED OUT ON
ME!

ENTERING
MARY'S
APARTMENT,
A SPINNING
HEADACHE
GRIPPED
HIM. AND
WHEN HE
OPENED HIS
EYES--

I'VE - CHANGED
AGAIN! MAYBE
I AM CRAZY!

WHAT'S WRONG,
PAULE? ARE YOU
IN TROUBLE
AGAIN?

THEN, RELIVING THE PAST--

NOT ON YOUR
LIFE, BABY..
I'M SITTIN' ON
TOP OF THE
WORLD! LOOK
FOR YOU!

YOU EXPECT ME
TO TAKE IT--
SOMETHING YOU
EITHER STOLE
OR BOUGHT
WITH DIRTY
MONEY? OH,
PAUL.. WHY WON'T
YOU CHANGE?

DON'T BE A SUCKER!
ALL I COULD EARN
IS NICKELS AND
DIMES-- THIS WAY
I'M RACKING
IT IN!

I'LL NEVER MARRY A
CRIMINAL! EITHER YOU
STOP BEING A THUG--
OR WE'RE
FINISHED!

OKAY, KID.. IF THAT'S HOW
YOU FEEL! TAKE ME AS
I AM OR WE'RE
THROUGH!

I-CAN'T,
PAUL--
IT WOULDN'T
WORK!

ANGRILY, PAUL STORMED OUT! BUT WHEN HE REACHED THE STREET...

IT-- IT'S INCREDIBLE! THE HOUSE IS DESERTED NOW-- AND I'M BACK IN THE PRESENT! WHAT A FOOL I WAS! MARY AND I COULD'VE BEEN HAPPY-- AND WE'D HAVE MANAGED SOMEHOW! I GUESS I'VE MADE LOTS OF MISTAKES!

THERE HE IS, BOYS!
SHOOT TO KILL!

BLAZES! IT'S THE COPS!

BANG!

WITH THE POLICE CLOSING IN, PAUL HARMON RACED WILDLY AROUND THE NEAREST CORNER! THERE...

PSST! HEY, BOSS-- IN HERE! QUICK! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YA!

MIKE! WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

GLEEFULLY, HE LEAPED INTO THE LIMOUSINE! BUT ONCE INSIDE--

WE DID LIKE YOU, SAID AN' KIDNAPPED THE JUDGE-- WE'RE HOLDIN' HIM AT THE WAREHOUSE!

BUT ALL THIS HAPPENED-- FIVE YEARS AGO! AND MIKE WAS KILLED SHORTLY AFTER!

AGHAST, PAUL REALIZED THEY HAD ONLY DRIVEN A FEW SECONDS BEFORE MIKE STOPPED THE CAR! THEN--

WE'RE HERE, BOSS-- THE BEST LITTLE HIDEOUT IN TOWN!

WAREHOUSE

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE PAST!

YOU'RE A FOOL, HARMON! WITH YOUR INNATE INTELLIGENCE AND BORN LEADERSHIP YOU COULD'VE GONE FAR. HONESTLY-- BUT YOU'RE TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN TO REASON!

IT WON'T WORK, JUDGE! YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING ON A ONE-MAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST ME-- YOUR DEATH'LL TEACH LOTS OF PEOPLE A LESSON!

NO! DON'T-- AI-EEE! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE, JUDGE-- I GOT A BIG DATE TONIGHT!

BANG!

WE'LL TAKE OVER
FROM HERE,
BOSS.. YOU
DON'T WANNA
KEEP THAT
GORGEOUS
DOLL WAITIN'!

YEAH, I BETTER HURRY!
I'LL USE THE CAR!



SWIFTLY, HE HURRIED OUTSIDE! BUT

THE CAR'S .. GONE!
AND I .. I'M BACK IN
THE PRESENT AGAIN!
WHAT THE--!



ONCE MORE, AS THE POLICE
CLOSED IN TIGHTER, PAUL FLED..

THE JUDGE WAS **RIGHT!**
INSTEAD OF LIVIN' LIKE A
HUNTED RAT.. I COULDA
MADE OUT OKAY ON THE
LEGIT! MAYBE IF I CAN
GET OUTTA THIS SCRAPE
AND GET UP TO
CANADA.. I COULD
START OVER!



AT THE END OF THE ALLEY..

NO CHANCE GETTIN' OUT
THIS WAY.. THE BLOCK'S
SURROUNDED! WAIT,
THAT DOOR I SPOTTED
BACK THERE UNDER THE
LIGHT.. IF I CAN GET IN
THERE I CAN MAKE A
BREAK FOR IT OVER
THE ROOFS!



CITY
MORGUE

IT--IT'S
OPEN! THANK
HEAVENS..
THIS IS MY
WAY OUT!



BUT, BEYOND
THE DOOR..

HOLY SMOKE! THIS MUST
BE THE **CITY MORGUE**!
BUT.. THERE WASN'T
ONE AROUND HERE WHEN
I WAS A KID! HMM,
THIS GIVES ME AN
IDEA! IF I SLIP
UNDER ONE OF
THOSE SHEETS
THEY'LL NEVER
FIND ME!



BUT AS HE UNCOVERED ONE
OF THE SHEETED CORPSES..

N-NO! NO!
THAT'S ME!
ME! ME!

YES, PAUL..
YOU!
HA HA HA!



I-I MUST BE DREAMIN'!

FRIGHTENED,
HARMON? SO
WERE WE-- WHEN
YOU KILLED US!
NOW YOUR
TIME HAS
COME!

LET ME...
GO! GIMME
A BREAK,
PLEASE!

PLEAD, HARMON...
THE WAY I DID!

WE ARE ALL
YOUR VICTIMS,
HARMON-- BUT
THE TIME HAS
COME FOR
REVENGE!

LOOK, HARMON-- LOOK!
THAT'S YOUR BODY
LYING THERE-- AS IT
WILL BE-- SOON!
READ THE TAG,
KILLER-- SEE
WHAT IT SAYS!

NO!
IT'S
NOT
TRUE!
I'M
ALIVE!

POTTER'S FIELD,
IT SAYS-- BECAUSE
YOUR BODY
REMAINED
UNCLAIMED!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE
A FRIEND IN
THE WORLD--
NOT A SINGLE
SOUL TO MOURN
YOU!

WITH A SINGLE MIGHTY
EFFORT...

I WON'T
DIE THAT WAY!
I'LL START OVER
AGAIN-- AND
NOBODY'S
STOPPING
ME!

WHAM!

LIKE A MAN GONE MAD,
PAUL RACED AWAY...

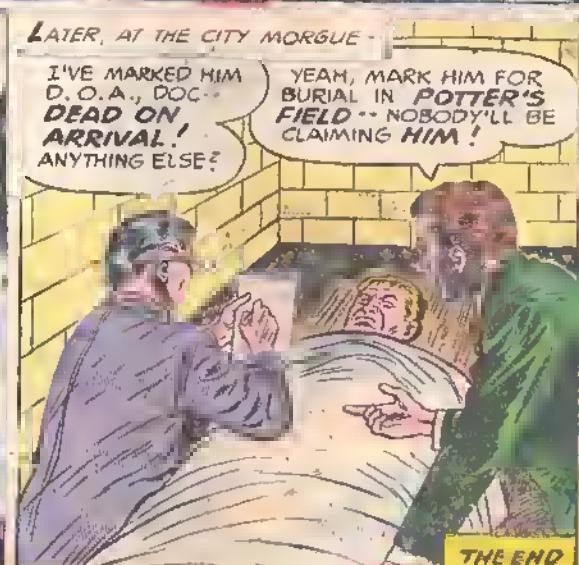
THEY WON'T GET
ME! I'LL START
OVER! I WILL!

SUDDENLY, LOOMING BEFORE
HIS TERROR-STRIKEN EYES...

IT'S TOO
LATE, PAUL!
YOU MUST
PAY FOR
ALL THE
BLOOD
YOU'VE
SHED!

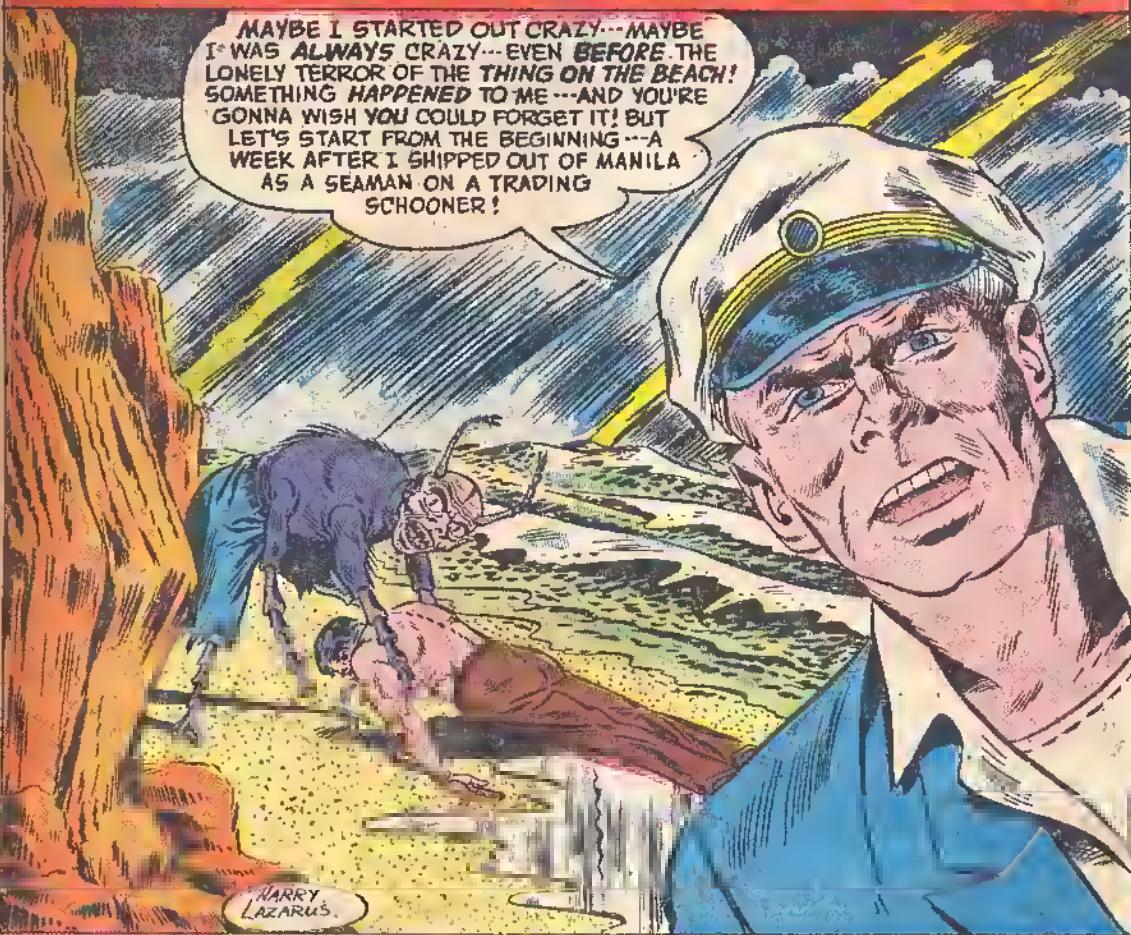
Y-YOU! I KILLED YOU ONCE,
JUDGE-- AND I CAN DO IT
AGAIN!

BUT
BULLETS
DIDN'T
HELP PAUL
NOW!
NEARLY
INSANE
WITH FEAR,
HE FLED
IN THE
OPPOSITE
DIRECTION...
BUT...



The THING on the BEACH!

MAYBE I STARTED OUT CRAZY... MAYBE I WAS ALWAYS CRAZY... EVEN BEFORE THE LONELY TERROR OF THE THING ON THE BEACH! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME --- AND YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU COULD FORGET IT! BUT LET'S START FROM THE BEGINNING -- A WEEK AFTER I SHIPPED OUT OF MANILA AS A SEAMAN ON A TRADING SCHOONER!



HARRY LAZARUS.

SHAKE IT UP, SLEW-FOOT! DO WE HAVE TO TAKE ALL DAY TO REEF A TOPSAIL?

QUIT YAPPING, ROGERS! YOU'VE BEEN A SORE-HEAD EVER SINCE WE LEFT PORT!





THE NIGHT...THAT FATAL NIGHT...WE
REACHED THE ISLAND!

I'LL HAVE THE
PHILIPPINES COAST
GUARD PICK YOU UP IN
ABOUT TEN DAYS, ROGERS!
I WANT YOU TO BE ALONE
FOR A WHILE...ALONE
WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE
...AND SEE HOW
YOU LIKE IT!

GO AHEAD, YOU CRUMBS...THINK I CARE?
I WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO BUT EAT
AND SPRAWL IN THE SUN...IT'LL BE
LIKE A VACATION!

IT WAS BOILING NOON
WHEN I WOKE UP...NOT...
AND HUNGRY!

GUESS I'LL CATCH ONE OF
THOSE GOATS THE CAPTAIN
MENTIONED! YEAH, AND
SOME COCONUTS AND
BANANAS...THE ISLAND
MUST BE CRAWLIN'
WITH 'EM!

FUNNY...I DON'T SEE ANY-
THING GROWING! I'D
BETTER CLIMB ONE OF
THOSE STRANGE FOR-
MATIONS AND LOOK
AROUND!

I CAN SEE CLEAR
TO THE OTHER SIDE!
NO GOATS...NO
TREES...
NOTHING!

NOTHING ALIVE ON THIS CURSED
PLACE BUT ME! THAT DEVIL OF
A CAPTAIN LEFT ME
HERE TO STARVE...
TO DIE!

I GOTTA KEEP MY HEAD! I CAN'T BE
ALONE...I'M SURE THERE'S LIFE
ON THIS ISLAND...
I CAN FEEL
IT!

STRANGE COLUMNS OF MUD WERE
EVERYWHERE --- AND AMONG THEM ---

BONES! THEY'RE GOAT
SKELETONS --- HUNDREDS
OF 'EM!

YEAH --- AND HERE'S A
PIECE OF COCONUT
HUSK! THERE WERE
TREES HERE --- THERE
WERE GOATS ---
BUT WHAT
HAPPENED
TO 'EM?

THE SUN BEAT DOWN --- THE
WAVES ROLLED IN --- DAY AFTER
DAY AFTER DAY! I SAT THERE
HALF-DEAD --- WATCHING THE
SUN BLACKENED SKIN PEEL
FROM MY BODY ---

I'M GONNA
LIVE --- I DON'T
KNOW HOW, BUT
I'M GONNA
LIVE --- AND
GET EVEN!

WHAT'S THAT? BLACK SPECKS
--- MOVING! DOZENS OF 'EM
--- HUNDREDS --- AND THEY'RE
ALIVE!

ANTS! THEY'RE
CARRYING AWAY
PIECES OF MY
SKIN!

NOW I KNOW WHAT THOSE MOUNDS ARE ---
ANT HILLS! AND NOW I KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE TREES
--- AND THE GOATS!
THEY WERE EATEN
--- JUST LIKE THOSE
BITS OF MY SKIN!

BUT WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM TURNING THE
TABLES? THEY'RE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID
OF --- THEY'RE NOTHING
BUT LITTLE ANIMALS ---
THEY'RE FOOD!

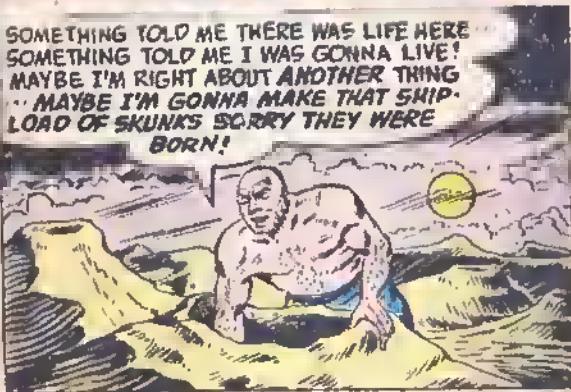
FOOD... ALL AROUND ME!
MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF
ANTS... AND I'VE BEEN
STARVING!



STRANGE, WASN'T IT? SMALL BLACK INSECTS... THE
VERY KIND YOU'D FIND IN YOUR GARDEN... BUT TO ME,
THEY BROUGHT PROMISE OF LIFE!



SOMETHING TOLD ME THERE WAS LIFE HERE
SOMETHING TOLD ME I WAS GONNA LIVE!
MAYBE I'M RIGHT ABOUT ANOTHER THING.
MAYBE I'M GONNA MAKE THAT SHIP-
LOAD OF SKUNKS SORRY THEY WERE
BORN!



FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, I HUNTED ANTS...
I ATE ANTS! MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT WAS
NATURAL TO THINK LIKE AN ANT... AND
ACT LIKE AN ANT! BUT HOW AWFUL THIS
WAS... TO FIND I'D BEGUN TO LOOK
LIKE AN ANT!



NO... NO... IT COULDNT
HAVE HAPPENED! I'M A
MONSTER... I'M A HORROR
THIS IS WORSE
THAN DYING!



BUT MAYBE IT ISN'T SO BAD
AFTER ALL! I'VE GOT SIX
LIMBS NOW... SIX STRONG
LIMBS... LIMBS WITH
HOOKS! AND I'VE GOT
BIG FANGED JAWS...
THINGS THAT CAN RIP
LIVING FLESH... AND
KILL!



WHY WORRY?



IFROM THEN ON, I WAS A THING ON THE BEACH---WAITING! WAITING FOR THE WHITE SPECK ON THE HORIZON I KNEW WOULD COME---AS IT DID ONE STORMY AFTERNOON!

IT'S THE SHIP---COMING TO PICK ME UP! I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL---THEY MUSTN'T SEE ME--- UNTIL THEY LAND!

YOU'RE TAKING A BIG CHANCE, CAPTAIN... LEAVING THE SCHOONER IN DANGEROUS WATER ... WITH REEFS ALL AROUND!

WHAT ELSE CAN I DO... AFTER JUST LEARNING THAT COAST GUARD VESSEL WAS TOO BUSY TO RESCUE ROGERS? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF THAT ISLAND WEEKS AGO!



ROGERS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIDEOUS THING HAPPENED TO YOU... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME ... IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

PLenty OF GOATS, YOU TOLD ME... PLenty OF FRUIT! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT KEPT ME ALIVE? I ATE ANTS!





From **YOUR EDITOR - to YOU!**

NOW THAT SPRING is here, and with Summertime just around the corner, we think it a good idea to answer a question we're often asked. Many fans write: "I don't like to miss a single issue of 'Forbidden Worlds'. But I'm going away for the whole summer on vacation, far from any city, so how do I get my copy of my favorite supernatural magazine?"

Well, the answer's simple. You don't need a subscription to be sure of getting "Forbidden Worlds", because it is on sale everywhere. Our distribution reaches into every hook-and-cranny of our great country. Fans often tell us what a great comfort it is to find "Forbidden Worlds" available in country stores and crossroads stands. Remember, if you don't see it, ask for it!

These facts give some indication of the popularity of "Forbidden Worlds" in the field of supernatural comics. From the very first discerning readers have recognized that here was a magazine that was different. The hackneyed and the absurd alike were banished

from our pages, as was mere senseless terror. Yes, we determined at the start that "Forbidden Worlds" would contain only the most spellbinding and thoroughly researched stories available, ill-illustrated by the finest artiste in the field.

Artwise our current issue is one of the best we've ever published, and storywise we think you'll agree it's out of this world! We doubt that you've ever read a more unbearably suspenseful tale than "The Talking Machine". Get set for a weird adventure into the past as you turn the fascinating pages of "The Street That Was". Perhaps you'll find it hard to credit the strange yarn called "They'll Never Believe Me!" but you'll never forget it! As for the ghastly menace in "The Thing On The Beach", beware!

We welcome your comments, for they are the life blood of our editorial policy. Simply write to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll print it as soon as possible! Now, let's peep into our mailbags:

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished reading the recent issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' for the third time, and I still enjoyed it. I wish you'd continue some of the stories.

--K. Bridgeman, Bakersfield, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

'Forbidden Worlds' is tops in my book. I like vampire stories, so keep them coming.

--Richard Eckert, Philadelphia, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I enjoy all of your stories very highly. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I especially liked your recent stories 'Love Me Forever' and 'The Drakko'.

--Sally Mae Price, Tallahassee, Fla."

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APPEARED
OUT OF
NOWHERE!

PULSING
COLOR!

NO
GLASSES!

HEY, ALVIN, HOW'D YA
LIKE A COUPLA PASSES
NEXT WEEK?

NO, THANKS!
I COULDN'T
AFFORD
THEM!

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WHAT WEIRD SECRET LAY BEHIND THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIRAM THOME? ONLY HIRAM'S FRIEND, JETH CABEL, COULD HAVE TOLD THE WHOLE MONSTROUS, MIND-SHATTERING STORY! BUT JETH DIED A GIBBERING LUNATIC...DIED MUMBLING OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

They'll NEVER BELIEVE ME!



OUR TALE OF EVIL BEGAN LONG YEARS AGO...

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE CORBIE MANSION AUCTIONED OFF!



TRUE! I'LL WARRANT MORE THAN ONE OF THEM MADE HIS PACT WITH THE DEVIL!

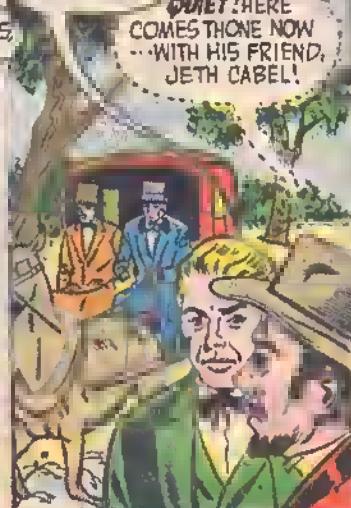
BUT NOW THAT MARIA CORBIE AND HER BROTHERS, CALEB AND GIDEON, DIED IN A BOATING ACCIDENT, THAT'S THE END OF THE CORBIES! AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

I'M NOT SORRY... THE CORBIES WERE AN EVIL TRIBE! THEY TRACED THEIR BLOOD BACK TO THE SALEM WITCHES!



AN ACCIDENT WAS IT? DIDN'T THE CORBIE BOAT SAIL FROM HIRAM THOME'S DOCK ON THAT LAST TRIP?

QUIET! HERE COMES THOME NOW... WITH HIS FRIEND, JETH CABEL!



YOU CACKLING OLD GEESE! I HEARD YOU BLAMING ME BECAUSE THE CORBIES DROWNED!

AND WITH GOOD REASON, THONE! WE KNOW THAT ONLY TWO WEEKS AGO, MARIA CORBIE REFUSED TO MARRY YOU!

AND WE'VE HEARD HOW HER TWO BROTHERS, GIDEON AND CALEB, THREW YOU OUT OF THEIR HOUSE! WASN'T THE WHOLE TOWN LAUGHING ABOUT IT? ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US YOU DIDN'T TAKE REVENGE?

YOU FOOLS! WOULD I HAVE KILLED THE WOMAN I LOVED? YOU'RE GOSSIPS... SLANDERERS... SLANDERERS!



INSIDE--AS THE AUCTION PROGRESSSED...

BUT WHY DID YOU COME HERE, HIRAM? SURELY THERE'S NOTHING YOU WANT TO BUY!

LET'S SAY I JUST CAME TO GLOAT OVER THE FINISH OF THE CORBIES!

LOOK THERE, HIRAM! ISN'T THAT A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING THEY'RE AUCTIONING OFF?

IT--IT'S A PORTRAIT OF MARIA CORBIE! I MUST HAVE IT!



THONE WAS WEALTHY...HE OUTBID ALL OTHERS...

SO I HAVEN'T LOST HER AFTER ALL! THIS WAY, MARIA WILL REMAIN BEAUTIFUL FOREVER... AND FOREVER MINE!



IT WAS AS THEY WERE LEAVING THAT AN OLD SERVANT OF THE CORBIES DREW CLOSE...

IT WAS YOU THAT KILLED MARIA AND HER BROTHERS! BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT... THE CORBIES WILL SEE TO THAT!

STAND BACK, YOU OLD CRONE!



WITH THE OLD WOMAN'S WEIRD PROPHECY, A STRANGE GLOOM CAME OVER HIRAM! SLOWLY THE AWFUL STORY CAME OUT...

IT'S--TRUE JETH! THEIR BLOOD IS ON MY HANDS! I WANTED REVENGE ON GIDEON AND CALEB--SO I BORED HOLES IN THEIR BOAT!

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW MARIA WAS WITH THEM! I WORSHIPPED HER, EVEN THOUGH SHE DESPISED ME! THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT HER PORTRAIT--SO I COULD KEEP HER WITH ME--ALWAYS!

YOU'VE GOT A HEAVY WEIGHT ON YOUR SOUL, HIRAM--



A PREMONITION OF EVIL HUNG OVER THEM LIKE A SHROUD! BUT NOT UNTIL THEY ARRIVED AT THE THONE MANSION DID THEY KNOW THAT FIRST CHILL TOUCH OF THE HORROR TO COME!

LOOK! HER FACE--IT'S BECOME A MASK OF HATE! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, GET RID OF THIS PAINTING, HIRAM!

I-I CAN'T, JETH! I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT-- IT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT OF MARIA!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THAT PAINTING, I TELL YOU!

PLEASE GO NOW! I MUST BE ALONE WITH HER! I MUST!

WHEN JETH CABEL VISITED HIS FRIEND A WEEK LATER, HIRAM SEEMED LIKE A MAN POSSESSED! THAT SATANIC PAINTING HELD HIM IN ITS FINGER!

IT WAS THE FLOWERS, JETH... I BRING HER A FRESH BOUQUET EVERY DAY! I THINK SHE'S BEGINNIN TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I LOVE HER!



THE DOOR IN THE PICTURE--IT'S OPENING! AND THERE'S SOMETHING LURKING BACK THERE... BING IN WAIT! I TELL YOU THIS THING IS EVIL...

IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? DON'T YOU SEE HOW HAPPY SHE IS HERE... NOW THAT SHE UNDERSTANDS?

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER DEATH MY CONSCIENCE IS AT PEACE! I KNOW MARIA HAS FORGIVEN ME!

I...HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, HIRAM!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, HIRAM THORNE BECAME A CHANGED MAN... HIS FACE GAUNT, HIS EYES SICK WITH LONGING AND TORMENT! THEN, ONE DAY...

THERE'S SOMETHING SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH YOU! IS IT THAT CURSED PORTRAIT?

NO! I... I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY IN MY LIFE! COME IN...

GOOD HEAVENS! THE PAINTING... IT'S CHANGED AGAIN!

YEE... I BELIEVE MARIA HAS GROWN TO LOVE ME, NOW! THAT'S... WHY SHE'S HOLDING OUT HER HAND TO ME!

IT'S AS IF SHE WERE CALLING TO ME... TELLING ME THAT IF I WOULD JUST TAKE HER HAND, WE COULD BE TOGETHER FOR EVER! IT'S... BUT I... I...

BUT YOU'RE AFRAID TO TAKE HER HAND, AREN'T YOU? YOU DON'T TRUST HER ANY MORE THAN I DO!

YOU SEE THEM TOO, DON'T YOU, HIRAM... LURKING INSIDE THAT DOOR! WAITING... WAITING... FOR YOU!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT PAINTING! IT'S A THING OF THE DEVIL!

NO, NO, IT CAN'T BE! NOT WHEN SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL...

I MUST KEEP THE PAINTING! HOW CAN I GIVE HER UP AFTER I WORKED SO HARD TO WIN HER LOVE?

PROMISE ME ONE THING, HIRAM! GIVE ME YOUR WORD YOU'LL NEVER REACH OUT AND TAKE THAT HAND!

FOR A LONG MOMENT, HIRAM STARED AT THAT PAINTING OF MARIA CORBIE, AT HER INVITING EYES, HER ALLURING LIPS! THEN...

NO, JETH, I CAN'T PROMISE! NOT WHEN I KNOW SHE'S WAITING FOR ME!

SICK WITH FOREBODING, JETH STEPPED OUT INTO THE NIGHT... JUST AS AN INSANE SCREAM OF TERROR ECHOED BEHIND HIM!

YARRGH! HIRAM!

JETH BURST INTO THE DRAWING ROOM... AND STOOD ROOTED IN HORROR! THE PAINTING HAD COME ALIVE!

MY HAND! I GAVE HER MY HAND! H-HELP!

HA-HA! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, GIDEON!

QUICKLY, CALEB! GET HIM INSIDE AND CLOSE THE DOOR!

GIDEON! CALEB! MARIA'S DEAD R.T.H.

NO... DON'T!

AI-EEEE!

NO! IN HEAVEN'S NAME! NOT THROUGH THAT DOOR!

TOO LATE! THE DOOR WAS CLOSED AND MARIA CORBIE STOOD BEFORE IT, A PAINTED IMAGE ONCE MORE--HER CRIMSON LIPS TWISTING IN A FIENDISH SMILE...

I... I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... GET HELP...

NO! IT'S NO USE! WHO'D EVEN LISTEN TO SUCH A FANTASTIC TALE?

THEY'LL... NEVER BELIEVE ME... NEVER BELIEVE ME... NEVER BELIEVE ME...

AND UNTIL THE DAY HE DIED, THAT WAS ALL HE COULD TELL THEM OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIRAM THONE!

THE END!

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2

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the
coupon below.

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM

3

MIGHTY
BACK
NOW

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MIGHTY BACK

4

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5

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